

"Your places will be in greater jeopardy if you don't pay a little more attention to work, and leave off talking nonsense," called out Mrs. Hill from the back ground. They all started at the sound of her voice, turning their heads towards her, and I thought it a good opportunity to close the window again, and slip away.

No candles yet in Lady Chandos's rooms, but the same cheerful light in those of Mrs. Chandos. I looked through the window into the oak parlor—the shutters of which were frequently not closed until bed time, only the white muslin curtains let down. The tea things were on the table, but the room was empty; and I bent my steps towards the walk where I had the previous night seen Mr. Chandos.

But some one was there before me. I saw a white figure flitting about, and, what with the solitary hour, the loneliness of all around, and the recent conversation of the servants, I am not sure but I began to think about ghosts myself. Ghost or no ghost, it glided up to me. Mrs. Chandos in a white silk evening dress.

"How you startled me!" she whispered. "With that shawl over your head and shoulders, you look like nothing human—but I saw, from the deficiency of height, that it was not her. Did you know that he was here last night?" she continued, in a most awestruck tone.

"Yes," I stammered, not liking to acknowledge it to her after the promise given to Mr. Chandos, although she was of the family.

"You did not see him, surely? Why don't you speak?" she impatiently added.

"I did see him, madam; but I shall not mention it. The secret is safe with me."

"Oh, heaven! what will he do when he knows that you saw him?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "I did not see him, though I was looking from my window. Mrs. Freeman was not there when she is, she will not let me look, for fear I should see him; it is so sad, you know. I thought he might be out again now, and came to see, but I expect he is closeted with Lady Chandos. You can't think what a long while it is since—since—and the shame is that they have not let me know it, so you must give me your promise not to tell them that I do. I found it out; Harry never said a word. You know Harry's not friends with me, through my having treated him badly, but he never—

During the last few words, Mrs. Chandos's eyes had been strained on a particular spot near to us. What she saw, or fancied she saw, I know not, but she broke into a low, smothered shriek of fear, and sped away swiftly to the house. Too startled at first to follow her, I bent my eyes in the same direction, foolishly expecting to see Mr. Chandos parambulating in his sleep—and I believe had I done so I should have run away terrified as from any ghost.

There did appear to be a figure standing between two trees, in a line with them, as if he were another tree himself. Not Mr. Chandos, some one at least a head shorter. He looked all dark, as if he were in dark clothes, with a dark face, and there was something in his outlines which made me think of Mr. Edwin Barley. I knew not whether it was he; it was but the fancy of the moment, but that caused me to turn and fly, as Mrs. Chandos had done.

"Are you ready to make tea, Miss Hereford? Because I have come to have some."

It was the greeting of Mr. Chandos, as I ran breathless into the oak parlor. He was sitting there, near the table, and looked surprised to see me dart in, as if some wild tiger were pursuing me, a shawl over my head. I threw it off, sat down, and made the tea.

"Don't you think it strange, sir?" I inquired, "that we hear nothing of Madame de Mellissie? Except the first short note she wrote, on her arrival in Paris, no news whatever has come."

"I think most things strange that Emily does," was his answer. "But I am not surprised at them. She may not write for weeks to come."

"If we do not hear to-morrow, I shall write to her. I do not know what to be at, and can but feel myself in an embarrassing position."

"It is probable you may have passed from her memory as completely as though she had not brought you and left you here."

"Then what am I to do?" I asked, the words bringing to my mind I know not what of perplexity. Mr. Chandos smiled.

"As you are here, you can only stay for the present. At any rate, until you hear from Emily."

With the tea things, disappeared Mr. Chandos, and a sort of disappointment fell over my heart. Why? In ten minutes he came in again.

"The moon is getting up," he remarked. "It will be a lovely night."

"Have you been out, sir?"

"No. Only to my mother's rooms."

"Is she better this evening?"

"Much the same."

He laid his elbow on the mantelpiece as he spoke, and rested his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, a strange look of anxiety, of pain, falling over his countenance. I would not disturb him, even by a movement. I was near the window at the time, and I softly pushed aside the muslin curtain to look out on the gradually lightening night.

What was it made me draw back again with a scream? Whose face was it, planted close to one of the panes, overlooking what might be passing in the room? A fierce, dark face, with its fierce black-eyes: that of Mr. Edwin Barley. In my terror, I grasped the arm of Mr. Chandos, who was advancing towards me.

"What has alarmed you? what is it?"

"Oh, sir," I panted, "I—I—thought I saw a man's face, a man's face pressed against one of the window panes, and peering in."

He hastily put me in the nearest chair, drew aside the curtain, threw up the window and leaned out. It appeared that he could see no one.

"Are you sure you saw some one, Miss Hereford?"

"I am quite sure, sir."

"Who was it? Any one of the servants?"

I could readily answer that I did not believe it to have been any of the servants, but I shrank from avowing that it was Mr. Edwin Barley. A curious and most unpleasant suspicion had rushed over me, dim glimpse of which had been haunting me during tea, as I thought of the dark form in the trees—it was, that Mr. Edwin Barley had recognized me, and came, thus intruding stealthily into Chandos, to watch me, to take note of my movements, not of those of the owners of Chandos. Why he should do so, with what motive, I had not time to ask myself in that hurried moment, but the conviction that it was so, fixed itself upon me. Mr. Chandos went outside, returning after an interval.

"I cannot see any one about," he observed, "all seems perfectly free and still. I cannot help thinking you must have been mistaken, Miss Hereford."

I shook my head—but I did not care to say much, after the notion that had come to me.

"Possibly you may be a little nervous to-night," he continued, "and in such a case the fancy considers itself at liberty to play us tricks. My having told you what I did this morning, relating to myself, may have taken hold of your imagination. When you ran in at tea time, I thought you seemed scared."

I let him remain in this belief, and the subject dropped.

Would Mr. Chandos—or his ghost, as the servants had it—be out again that night in his somnambulistic state? The subject had taken hold of my most vivid interest, and after undressing I sat at the window in a warm wrapper, watching the grounds. Eyes and ears were alike strained. But to no purpose: not a sound disturbed the house indoors, and all appeared still without. I got tired at my post, and, soon after twelve, went to bed.

Not to sleep for very long. I was awake by what seemed a commotion in the corridor by outside. Voices were heard in alternate soothing and expostulation, followed by the resisting shriek of a woman: all, save the shriek, carried on in a subdued tone. Oh, it is fearful to be awoken by this sort of sounds in the night! my heart beat painfully, my veins throbbed: what had happened?—or had taking place?

The sounds continued. I threw on the large wrapper, thrust my feet into slippers, and softly opened my chamber door. Dusky forms were moving about, but at the first moment I recognized none, for the moonlight did not shine brightly into the corridor. Presently I made them out: Lady Chandos in her night-dress, Mrs. Chandos in a white night dress also, with her hair streaming down, and Mr. Chandos partially attired. The latter had his arm round Mrs. Chandos's waist, and was gently leading her towards her own apartments—or rather, drawing her, for she did not seem willing to go.

"You never would have told me," she sobbed, passionately dashing her hair from her brow; "you know you never meant to tell me. It is cruel—cruel! What am I here but as a caged bird?—and whose fault is it that I am kept so, but yours?"

Mr. Chandos answered, but the words were spoken in a whisper, close to her ear. Not a syllable did I catch; and they were then near the east wing. Lady Chandos's tribulation appeared to be great: she followed, wringing her hands, and wailing a reproof on a low tone.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel, you will ruin and be trayed all! you will bring misery and desolation on the house! To think that you should shrink out! it might arouse the servants, and then what would be the consequence?"

They disappeared within the east wing, which closed behind them. In my consternation I still stood looking and trembling, stood till Mr. Chandos came swiftly and suddenly out of his own chamber. It scarcely appeared a minute, yet he had found it sufficient time to finish dressing, for he was now fully attired. His appearing from his chamber disappearing within the east wing, established the fact that his room did communicate with it. In this same moment, Hockens, in fancy attire, assumed in a hurry, ran up the stairs from the hall, a light in his hand. Mr. Chandos advanced upon him and peremptorily waved him back.

"Go back to bed, sir. You are not wanted ed."

But as the light fell on Mr. Chandos's face, I saw that he was deadly pale.

"I heard a scream, Mr. Harry," responded poor Hockens, evidently taken to. "I'm sure I heard it, and I—I—thought some thieves or villains of that sort had got in."

"Nothing of the kind. There's nothing whatever the matter to call for your aid, Mrs. Chandos is nervous to-night, and cried out—it is not the first time it has happened, as you know. She is all right again now. Go back and get your rest as usual."

"Shall I leave you the light, sir?" asked Hockens, perceiving that Mr. Chandos had none.

"Light? No. What do I want with a light? Mrs. Chandos's ailments have nothing to do with me."

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"But how strangely mysterious it all appeared! one curious connection, one unaccountable mystery succeeding to another. I had heard of haunted castles in romances, of ghostly abbeys; but surely the events enacted in them could not be more startling than these at Chandos. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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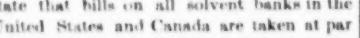
REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the writer is worth preserving, it is a general rule to do so.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable.

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If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.



NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as is heretofore due to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. Your poem is good, with the exception of its rhymes. *Be and boy, embrace and rest, rose and rose* are not rhymes at all, for that matter. With this exception, our readers, we think, will support us in saying that the following is bad poetry:

HOME AGAIN

Back to the home nest, mother,

Home, but only to die!

Why did I ever leave you, mother?

Forgive your erring boy.

Clasp your arms around me, mother,

Let me feel your warm embrace,

And sing me old loved song, mother,

As I sink to my long last rest.

KENTUCKY.

The official vote in the recent contest in Kentucky is stated to have been as follows:—Union, 92,460; disunion, 37,700; giving an Union majority of 54,760.

Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, recently, in the House of Representatives, in answer to an anti-coercion speech of his colleague, Mr. Burnett, said—

I have risen simply to protest, in the name of Kentucky and her Union representatives on this floor, against the remarks made by my colleague, Kentucky, by a large and overwhelming majority, will support and maintain the Government and Constitution of the United States. [Applause on the floors and in the galleries.]

We, in Kentucky, believe that the peril, danger, the destruction and ruin of so many material interests have been brought about by those very seceding states of the South which seem to excite sympathy.

Now, in view of the heavy Union vote, and the above declaration by Mr. Mallory of Kentucky Union principles, how is it that we read of recruiting offices for the secession forces being openly established in Louisville?

NO GENTLEMAN.

N. P. Willis—who is authority—positively pronounces Jeff. Davis to be "no gentleman" in the "highest circle" view of the case. He says:—

To speak, to any one conversant with Washington society, of the pinchbeck imitation of Southern gold—the caricature of Southern chivalry—was to get "Jeff. Davis" instanced at once as the most glaring specimen. With other lovers of the genuine article, the true Southern gentleman, I have felt it as a national mortification, for years, that so glaring a travesty should be the re-presenter of it in the Senate. It hurt the cause of the South, in which I then felt a romantic interest.

Poor Jeff—if he cannot be allowed even the small satisfaction of being one of the "chivalry," it will go hard with him. But not so hard as it will be apt to go with Mr. Willis, if he is ever caught down in secession—dom—all the affecting "romantic interest" he formerly felt "in the cause of the south" would not save him.

THE STOCK BAROMETER.

That sensitive—often too sensitive—barometer, the stock market, is rising; betokening the belief of the large capitalists that the skies are looking brighter. The blue seems to be spreading West and South. Gold is still pouring in from Europe—Government loan for five millions for immediate wants, was taken up in New York the other day in forty minutes—there is every indication of an abundant harvest—the large Government outlays will soon begin to tell on business—Congress has voted the President half a million of men, and five hundred millions of money, one-fourth more of both than was requested—the proud cry of victory begins to float in—all together capital contrives to gain confidence, and perceives that we are not all going to the "demotion bowwows" this time. Capital is right—we still have a country—and we shall emerge from the ruin which menaced us, as strong for peace, much stronger for war, than ever before. Soon shall we hear the nations again crying out, "All hail, Columbia!"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The rapid transmission of the Message is said to have been one of the greatest telegraphic feats on record. But the country would have been better served, had the operators taken more time over such an important document, and not distorted it so shamefully. The mistakes generally are such as can be corrected after a little thought by persons of intelligence, but one in our own copy, relative to compromise, we think it well to rectify. The following, we believe, is the correct reading:—

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defense of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the Government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him.

While the message is marked by great talent, and often great felicity of expression,—some of the sentences bearing upon them even the lightning mark of genius—it is marred by little errors and obscurities, which any well educated man could have corrected in half-an-hour. The President evidently needs a competent private Secretary—and we have half a notion of applying for the place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, &c., &c., Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the wit, the poet, the romancer, here appears in his character of physician, a new one to us and to most of our readers. Apart from some apparently prejudiced statements respecting the Homoeopathic practice of medicine, we see in this book the general superiority which we should expect from a man of genius and character in any department of work. As a class, we feel a shrinking from physicians as we do from ministers, because their profession is so exalted, the duties they have assumed so holy and so difficult of performance, that they must be either saints or sinners; and fall lower in failure than other men, that their shortcomings are glossed over with the crowning sin of deceit. It is therefore an especial pleasure to find in a phy-

sician candor, conscientiousness, humanity, and religious faith. In our author these virtues shine out victorious through temptation in his paper proving the "contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." His course in this instance shows his own adherence to the rule which he lays down in his Valedictory Address—a rule "so plain that it may be sneered at as a truism, but so difficult to follow, that he who has never broken it deserves canonizing better than many saints in the calendar: a physician's first duty is to his patient; his second to himself."

The following is good advice to young physicians:—

Be very careful; be very slow; be very modest in the presence of Nature. One special caution let me add. If you are ever so accurate in your physical explorations, do not rely too much upon your results. Given fifty men with a certain fixed amount of organic disease, twenty may die, twenty may linger indefinitely, and ten may never know they have anything the matter with them. I think you will pardon my saying that I have known something of the arts of direct exploration, though I wrote a youthful Essay on them, which, of course, is liable to be considered a presumption to the contrary. I would not, therefore undervalue them, but I will say that a diagnosis which maps out the physical condition ever so accurately, is, in a large proportion of cases, of less consequence than the opinion of a sensible man of experience, founded on the history of the disease, though he has never seen the patient.

And this leads me to speak of prognosis and its fallacies. I have doctored people, and seen others doqon them, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they liked, and some of them are living still. I see two men in the street, very often, who were both as good as dead in the opinion of all who saw them in their extremity. People will insist on living, sometimes through manifestly *morbidity*. In Dr. Elder's Life of Kane you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutinied, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the *unstable equilibrium* of prognosis—Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead, the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Mugrove was shot with a bullet which went in at his ear and came out at his eye, on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Colonel Rosister, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had had a crown shot through his head, alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in the view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take.

I think I am not the first to utter the following caution: "Beware how you take away hope from any human being. Nothing is clearer than that the merciful Creator intends to blind most people as they pass down into the dark valley." Without very good reasons, temporal or spiritual, we should not interfere with His kind arrangements. It is the height of cruelty and the extreme of impertinence, to tell your patient he must die, except you are sure that he wishes to know it, or that there is some particular cause for his knowing it. I should be especially unwilling to tell a child that it could not recover, if the theologians think it necessary, let them take the responsibility. God leads it by the hand to the edge of the precipice in happy unconsciousness, and I would not open its eyes to what He wisely conceals.

Among the improvements in medical science, our author gives precedence where it due.

In consequence is the ever-growing conviction, in and out of the profession, of the comparative insignificance of *drugging* in all its forms as an antagonist to disease. That the body is a changeable compound of particles, which must be properly aired, washed, agitated, restored, protected and renewed, in order that their changes may run on in the rhythm called health, and that no drug can take the place of these conditions any more than it can give music to a piano string which is loose or broken, is to some extent understood. A vast deal of annoyance and often painful injury is spared to the patient, while the physician has learned submission to the laws of nature, and grown less presumptuous in his expectations and promises.

The following comparison is a good one. It impressed us the more that just at the time of reading it one of the fiercest of these "beasts of prey" sprang from his unknown den into the midst of our own family, and it repeatedly occurred to us through the weeks of earnest and vigilant battle that were necessary to expel the enemy and restore the peace and purity and happiness of home:—

Men live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. They feed upon us and between their teeth we must all pass sooner or later,—all but a few, who are otherwise taken care of. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, until the carrier drops down or they drop off. By-and-by one is sure to come along that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.

Most people know little or nothing of these beasts, until all at once they find themselves attacked by one of them. They see therefore how to be frightened by those which are not dangerous, and careless with those that are destructive. They do not know what will soothe, and what will exacerbate them. They do not even know the dens of many of them, though they may be close to their own dwellings.

A physician is one who has lived among these beasts, and studied their aspects and habits. He knows them all well, and looks them in the face and lays his hand on their backs daily. They seem, as it were, to know him, and to greet him with such *risus sardonicus* as they can muster. He knows that his friends and himself have all got to be eaten up at last by them, and his friends have the same belief. Yet they want him near them at all times, and with them when they are set upon by any of these their natural enemies. He goes a-knocking, retty well what he can do and what he cannot.

He can talk to them in a quiet and sensible

way about these terrible beings, concerning which they are so ignorant, and liable to harbor such foolish fancies. He can frighten away some among them of the lesser kind with certain ill-smelling preparations he carries about him. Once in a while he can draw the teeth of some of the biggest, or throttle them. He can point out their dens, and so keep many from falling into their jaws.

This is a great deal to promise or perform, but it is not all that is expected of him. Sick people are very apt to be both fools and cowards. Many of them confess the fact in the frankest possible way. If you doubt it, ask the next dentist about the wisdom and courage of average manhood under the dispensation of a bad tooth. As a tooth is to a liver, so are the dentists' patients to the doctors', in the want of the two excellencies above mentioned.

Those not over-wise human beings called patients are consequently a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch which Nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joinder's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke, the physician, to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charmer, and asked for a balsam which would cure this kind of thing cannot be done.—But it is very profitable to lie about it, and say that it can be done. The people who make a business of this lying, and profiting by it, are called *quacks*.

But as patients wish to believe in all manner of "cures," and as all doctors love to believe in the power of their remedies, and as nothing is more open to self-deception than medical experience, the whole matter of the rapacities has always been made a great deal more of than the case would justify. It has been an inflated currency,—fifty pretences on paper, to one fact of true, ringing metal.

Dr. Holmes, like all the lights of his profession, knows the limitations of physic. We will copy one of his remarks. All through the great West, and everywhere that quack medicines are extensively used, these common sense views of what the doctor can do and what he can't, are much needed. If people had less faith in drugs they would give more attention to a reasonable observance of the conditions of health.

All noxious agents, all appliances which are not natural food or stimuli, all medicines proper, cost a patient, on the average, five per cent. of his vital force, let us say. Twenty times as much waste of force produced by any of them, that is, would exactly kill him, nothing less than kill him, and nothing more. If this, or something like this, is true, then all these medications are, *prima facie*, injurious.

In the game of Life-or-Death, *Rouge et Noir*, as played between the Doctor and the Sexton, this five per cent., this certain small injury entering into the chances, is clearly the sexton's prerequisite for keeping the green table, over which the game is played, and where he holds up his gains. Suppose a blister to diminish a man's pain, effusion or dysentery to the saving of twenty per cent. in vital force; his profit from it is fifteen, in that case, for it always hurts him five to begin with, according to our previous assumption.

Presumptions are of vast importance in medicine, as in law. A man presumed innocent until he proved guilty. A medicine—that is, a noxious agent, like a blister, a seton, an emetic, or a cathartic—should always be presumed to be hurtful. It always is directly hurtful; it may sometimes be indirectly beneficial. If this presumption were established, and disease always assumed to be the innocent victim of circumstances, and not punishable by medicines, that is, noxious agents, or poisons, until the contrary was shown, we should not so frequently hear the remark commonly, perhaps erroneously, attributed to Sir Astley Cooper, but often repeated by sensible persons, that, on the whole, more harm than good is done by medication. Throw out opium, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few species which our art did not discover, and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of anesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind,—and all the worse for the fishes.

But to justify this proposition, I must add that the injuries inflicted by over-medication are to a great extent masked by disease. Dr. Hooker believes that the *typhus sycopatis* of a preceding generation in New England, "was often in fact a brandy and opium disease." How is a physician to distinguish the irritation produced by his blister from that caused by the inflammation it was meant to cure? How can he tell the exhaustion produced by his evacuants from the collapse belonging to the disease they were meant to relieve?

Lastly, medication without insuring favorable hygienic conditions, is like amputation without ligatures. I had a chance to learn this well and old, when physician to the Broad Street district of the Boston Dispensary.—There, there was no help for the intert-wine of wholesome conditions, and if anybody got well under my care, it must have been in virtue of the rough-and-tumble constitution which emerges from the struggle for life in the street gutters, rather than by the aid of my prescriptions.

But if the materia medica were lost over board, how much more pain would be taken in ordering all the circumstances surrounding the patient as can be done everywhere out of the crowded pauper districts, than are taken now by too many who think they do their duty and earn their money when they write a recipe for a patient left in an atmosphere of domestic malaria, or to the most negligent kind of nursing! I confess that I should think my chance of recovery from illness less with Hippocrates for my physician and Mrs. Sampson for my nurse, than I do with the hands of Hahnemann himself, with Florence Nightingale or good Rebecca Taylor to care for me.

The following comparison is a good one. It impressed us the more that just at the time of reading it one of the fiercest of these "beasts of prey" sprang from his unknown den into the midst of our own family, and it repeatedly occurred to us through the weeks of earnest and vigilant battle that were necessary to expel the enemy and restore the peace and purity and happiness of home:—

Men live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. They feed upon us and between their teeth we must all pass sooner or later,—all but a few, who are otherwise taken care of. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, until the carrier drops down or they drop off. By-and-by one is sure to come along that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.

Most people know little or nothing of these beasts, until all at once they find themselves attacked by one of them. They see therefore how to be frightened by those which are not dangerous, and careless with those that are destructive. They do not know what will soothe, and what will exacerbate them. They do not even know the dens of many of them, though they may be close to their own dwellings.

A physician is one who has lived among these beasts, and studied their aspects and habits. He knows them all well, and looks them in the face and lays his hand on their backs daily. They seem, as it were, to know him, and to greet him with such *risus sardonicus* as they can muster. He knows that his friends and himself have all got to be eaten up at last by them, and his friends have the same belief. Yet they want him near them at all times, and with them when they are set upon by any of these their natural enemies. He goes a-knocking, retty well what he can do and what he cannot.

He can talk to them in a quiet and sensible

experience? And if your child wakes at night with that alarm bell of danger, a hoarse croaky cough, and you find that Aconite and Tartar Emetic remove the symptoms that terrify you, what reasoning or what authority of great names would persuade you that the drops or the pellets are mere water or sugar plums?

Whether the medicines that work these wonders are attenuated according to the old Homoeopathic formulas, we are of course unable to say. We are a little inclined to believe that they are not—and that much more powerful dilutions are now used than were employed by the original disciples of Hahnemann. We doubt whether the contents of certain bottles of Aconite that have been in our possession, could be swallowed with impunity—and so with various other medicines. Our words and belief apply only to the Homoeopathic remedies as we find them—not to such remedies as compounded by Hahnemann. And that they have power—that Aconite for instance, will affect a fever, that both it and Belladonna will soothe a teething child, who is tossing his head about in all directions, and that Tartar Emetic will generally check a croaky or spasmodic cough, we have proved to our own entire satisfaction.

But this is a great deal to promise or perform, but it is not all that is expected of him. Sick people are very apt to be both fools and cowards. Many of them confess the fact in the frankest possible way. If you doubt it, ask the next dentist about the wisdom and courage of average manhood under the dispensation of a bad tooth. As a tooth is to a liver, so are the dentists' patients to the doctors', in the want of the two excellencies above mentioned.

Those not over-wise human beings called patients are consequently a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch which Nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joinder's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke, the physician, to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charmer, and asked for a balsam which would cure this kind of thing cannot be done.—But it is very profitable to lie about it, and say that it can be done. The people who make a business of this lying, and profiting by it, are called *quacks*.

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EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.
A BALLAD FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

“How the Past comes over me—
How the Old Days draw nigh;
Tramping along in battalia—
Marching the legions by,
With the drums of the Old Time beating,
And the Old Flag waving high!”

“And down from the mountain gorges,
And up from woodlands low,
Musterings for Liberty's Conflict—
Eighty-five years ago!

“Out of the streets of Lexington
I see the red-coats wheel;
And, back from the lines of Bunker,
Where Continentals kneel
And pray, with their iron musketry,
I see the red-coats reel;

“And, reddening all the greensward,
I mark the life-blood flow
From the bosom of martyr'd Warren—
Eighty-five years ago!

“Hearken to Starke, of Hampshire:
‘Ho! comrades all!’” quoth he—
King George's Hessians biring,
On yonder plain, ye see!
We'll beat them, boys! or Mary Stark
A widow this night shall be!”

“And then, like a clasp of thunder,
He broke upon the foe,
And he won the Battle of Bennington—
Eighty-five years ago!

“Down from the wild Green Mountains
Our fearless eagle swooped—
Down on Ticonderoga
Hold Ethan Allen stumped,
And the royal red-cross banner
Beneath his challenge drooped!

“And the stout old border fortress
He gained, without a blow,

“In the name of the Great Jehovah!”—
Eighty-five years ago!

“Out from the resonant belfry
Of Independence Hall,
Sound'd the tongue of a broken bell,
Bidding good patriots all
To give the Oppressed their Freedom,
And loosen every thrall;

“And the voice of brave John Hancock,
Preached to the People below,
The Gospel of Independence—
Eighty-five years ago!

“And out from Sullivan's Island,
From dark palmettoe fen,
I hear the roar of cannon,
And the rifle-shots again;
And the voice of valiant Moultrie,
And the shouts of Marion's men!

“And I saw our stricken banner
Scarred from the ditch below,
By the hand of Sergeant Jasper—
Eighty-five years ago!

“So, the Old Days come over me—
The Past around me rolls—
And the spell of a glorious History
My yearning sense controls,
And I sing of the Grand Example
Of old and loyal souls!

“When the land we love lies bleeding,
And we hear her heart's wild throb,

Let us think of the Old, Old Union—
Eighty-five years ago!

N. Y. Leader

JEFF. DAVIS'S TRIAL!

Being an Account of his Secret Capture
and Detention before the
“KNIGHTS OF THE IRON CIRCLE.”
AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., AND RECOMMENDED
TO THE SOLICITOUS PERUSAL OF THE
“KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.”

One evening, not long since, as the great cock turkey of the Southern States was walking along the streets of Montgomery, thinking of the spurs he was to win when he should get them, their probable length, and how he should term the Empire of America, after he had annihilated or subdued all the Yankees and had become monarch of all he surveyed, he was accosted by a well-dressed, white-haired, highly polite and respectable old gentleman, who, in a bland voice, said—

“Good evening to your Excellency! I perceive you are enjoying the evening air, after the intellectual fatigues of the day. Long may you live to enjoy it. Speedily be the day when your patriotic Excellency may find a respite from the enormous cares of State which must now weigh so heavily upon your chivalric and truly Southern mind. Pardon my warmth, but these are the irrepressible sentiments of a true-born Southerner, who cannot gaze upon the adored form of the savior of the South, without feeling an inclination to—say something.”

Jeff Davis stared at this odd salutation, smiled at the word “irrepressible,” and grimly thought of Seward.

“I thank you for your good wishes, my friend,” said he. “I am indeed resting from my labors, which have been very severe of late.”

“No doubt. Perish the accursed Yankees who have caused you so much trouble!”

“Amen!” said Jeff Davis, grinning his teeth.

“It is fortunate that I have met your Excellency just here,” continued the mild-mannered old gentleman, “for I have, within a few moments, been conversing with a Northern man, lately arrived from Washington, who has been in the confidence of old Abe Lincoln, and is familiar with his plans against us secessionists. I think you ought to see him.”

“Where is he?” asked Jeff, pricking up his ears. “I should like to.”

“I can accompany you to him. He is near by.”

“Lead on,” said Jeff, in a martial voice. “Has he any friends with him?”

“Not a friend. He has just rented a house here, for here he is well known, and here he means to live and die. You must have heard of him—Old Arnold Blood-skin.”

The name sounded well to the ears of Jeff, but he shook his head negatively, and they walked a short distance further.

They passed through a long green lane, in the suburbs of the city, in which Jeff had been fearlessly walking (though there was nobody there) and approached an old-fashioned house near which there was no other habitation. The house itself looked deserted.

“That is the house. He will be surprised to meet such a distinguished personage. Though he told me he was determined soon to see you and tell all.”

“What I do is always done quickly,” replied Jeff, proudly.

The old gentleman entered without knocking—he wished to surprise Bloodskin, he said—and Jeff, with an instinctive touch of his knife and revolver, followed, and they went up stairs. A knock at a door admitted them, and—in the next instant Jeff Davis, President of the Seceshers, found himself a disarmed and pinioned prisoner, in a large apartment in which were twelve men, in masks.

“How? Betrayed!” he exclaimed, with a brief struggle. “Who are you? What would you do? I'll call for help, if you don't release me at once, and have every one of you hung. Release me!”

At this threat each one of the mysterious twelve drew a Bowie knife and a six shooter, and Jeff, suddenly computing the amount of mischief which could be done with twelve blades and seventy-two pistol shots, concluded to keep quiet, even before the verbal reply to his futile menace.

“Sit down, Child of the Oligarchical Republic, and remain dumb and quiescent, while you undergo a catechistical trial by a jury of your countrymen, head Chief of the Seceshers. You ask who we are. Know, oh, King of the Cocklofty Birds, that we are part and portion of the now Southern Confederacy, the Knights of the Iron Circle, and we wear our masks for fear the moon might tan our faces. Squat!”

And with an expression of mingled rage, alarm, and contempt at the language used toward him, Jeff Davis squatted on a bench.

The old gentleman who had entrapped him into such disagreeable society stood by his side, and with a smiling face whispered in his ear, that if he did not behave with due respect toward the Knights he should feel bound to put a bullet or two into the side of his “President” head.

The twelve men in masks arranged themselves, seated in a semi-circle before him; and by the light of twelve candles, on two tables at each wing, the examination proceeded.

“Mr. Ex-Sager, Ex-Senator, Ex-Secretary Davis, your most excellent Excellency is about to be tried by a jury of your countrymen, and if you answer quietly, you may be let off; otherwise—dead men tell no tales.”

Jeff's face is luminous at times, especially under the influence of secession whiskey; and he now fancied what a determined expression must look beneath those ugly masks—and merely answered, “Proceed.”

And the proceedings continued—after one of the Black Masks had whistled “The Star Spangled Banner” in a very powerful and unctuous manner, the whole thirteen joining in the chorus.

“Having culminated your Excellency, we will now endeavor to dissect you a little. We desire you to answer categorically and not dogmatically. Are you aware, sir, that your whole putting life has been a series of miserly cheats? You have not only cheated yourself, but the hangman and everybody else, of his due? Did you fancy that because you added your little drop in the bucket in the Mexican war, that you were the greatest, the only soldier in it? Of course you did, and you have been blown up with military conceit ever since. You have even declared that you wished to measure lances with our great and glorious Scott, the most thorough and experienced soldier of the age whom in your irreverent pride you have called the greatest humbug.”

Jeff evinced great restiveness at mention of the man he thinks his “rival,” as a dunghill cock might feel nervous at sight of the broad-winged Eagle. But he held his tongue.

“You are of course aware, Misér. Would Be Bonaparte that Old Zach Taylor despised and hated you, long before you ran off with his daughter. He and she are both in Heaven now, and reconciled, I hope, where you can never go. Having ran off with the Old Hero's daughter and seen her in the grave, you have run off with several daughters of Uncle Sam, himself—God pity you!—and if they follow your lead, you will see them also in the grave.”

Jeff writhed and groaned a little.

“Perhaps the first among the many disgraces you have brought upon the country, was your infamous stamping of the State of Mississippi, advising her to turn swindler and repudiate her honest foreign debts, which she did, and in consequence brought ignominy upon the whole American name. It is a wonder to all good men that a man like you could ever after have the confidence of any considerable number of sober men. But the devil never forsakes his own, they say, and the Senate and even the Cabinet have since been polluted by your presence, to the lasting injury of the country. Now what could be expected but final and unblushing treason, from a head and heart like yours? Where is the good man who respects you? What good man could you ever sympathize with, in reality? While in power, under the Federal Government, you used that power it gave to plunder, undermine, defame and destroy it. You have raised your ingrate hand against the fairest fabric of government that God has permitted human wisdom to frame. Upon a land the most prosperous in the world, you have been a chief means of bringing the direst

and collectively, go to the devil!” roared the irreligious prisoner, jumping up, unable to contain himself longer, and making use of his favorite style of eloquence. “Lynch me, curse you, if you will; but if I live, and don't pay you all off, may I be eternally—”

A general leveling of revolvers checked him.

“Don't be rash, don't swear,” whispered the old gentleman; “it isn't President like.”

“I'll slaughter every man, woman and child in the North!” raved Jeff. “You've kidnapped me, you hounds!”

“How many hundreds have been kidnapped by you, sanction, miserable traitor?” was the stern reply: “and been beggar, imprisoned, maimed and slain? We now intend to gag you, and leave you here till your satellites shall find you, while we leave this despicable region for a more congenial clime. Beware! One shout for help, and you die, and rob the gallows of its due!”

In a few seconds the King of the Seceshers was made mute, and fastened to a chair, bound hand and foot. Before him, on a table, were placed the candles, an open copy of the Bible, and the Constitution of the United States, and round his head, by way of night-cap, was pinned the American flag.

“Good by, Jeff!” cried all. “Hope to meet you again, at the foot of the scaffold. So the sooner you hurry up North the better. A parting serenade, boys!”

And after whistling Yankee Doodle vigorously in his ears, the Knights of the Iron Circle left him alone in his glory.

He was sought and found next day, but no trace of the Knights could be obtained. The story was hushed up—and Jeff. don't go out alone now.—*True Flag.*

SHOT AND SHELL.



ROUND SHOT—g. GRAPE SHOT—5. BAR SHOT—c. CHAIN SHOT—m. MUSKET BALLS

Projectiles signify anything thrown or projected. Shot and shell are the principal projectiles used in canon. Round Shot are solid spherical iron balls of different weights, from two to more than a hundred pounds. The sizes most employed in battles on the open field, weight from four to twelve pounds. The guns from which they are thrown are called Light Artillery. Heavier shot are used in Heavy Artillery, for battering down fortifications, sinking vessels, etc. Bar Shot consist of two round shot joined by a solid bar, like a dumb-bell. Chain Shot, are two round shot linked together by a chain. These are used mostly for firing at vessels, to destroy their mast, and rigging. Grape Shot are small iron balls bound together in a canvas bag. They are usually arranged around an iron spikes somewhat in the form of a bunch of grapes.



CANISTER. HAND GRENADE.

Canister or Case Shot are iron bullets enclosed in a tin box or case. The Common Shell, or Bomb, is a large hollow sphere of iron, filled with powder. A fuse is attached, which takes fire and burns slowly until the shell reaches the point aimed at, and then explodes the shell and scatters the fragments.



A SHELL.

In the improved shell, the fuse is made of powder ground fine, and closed between two metal plates, and fitted to the opening in the shell. The inner plate has an opening leading to the powder within the shell, and the outer one is marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4. Before the gunner puts it into the canon, he pierces the plate at one of these figures at 1 if he desires the shell to explode in one second, at 2 for two seconds, and so on. Shrapnell or Spherical Case, are large hollow shot filled with lead bullets, and containing a small charge of powder, to which a fuse is attached. When fired, the powder just breaks the shell in the air, and the bullets fly on with the impetus received from the powder in the canon, but “scatter” so as to cover a considerable space. The Carcase, is a shell pierced with several holes and containing some highly inflammable ingredients, which are set on fire by the burning fuse. It continues to send out flames for several minutes, and is used for setting buildings or ships on fire. Round shot are sometimes heated red hot and fired for the same purpose; and recently hollow, thin shells filled with melted iron, have been used. The Hand Grenade is a small thin shell filled with balls and powder, and fitted with a fuse. It is thrown by hand, the fuse having first been lit. It is used to drive off attacking parties from a fort or vessel, to throw over breast works, or into forts, and is a formidable weapon.

STRIPES.—The three stripes on the secession flag are thus described by a New York divine:

First Stripe.—Repudiation—We won't pay our debts.

Second Stripe.—Secession—We won't obey the laws.

Third Stripe.—Prize-taking—Twenty-five dollars for a live soldier, and twenty dollars for a dead one.

THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

Coldly comes the March wind—

Coldly from the north—

Yet the cottage little ones

Gaily venture forth:

Free from cloud the firmament,

Free from sorrow they,

The playful children choosing

The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the North wind—

Naked boughs among,

Like a tale of mournfulness

Told in mournful song!

But the merry little ones,

Happy things are they,

Singing like the lark, on

The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop—

Daffodils like gold—

Primroses and Crocuses

Cheerfully unfold:

Poor? those cottage little ones?

Poor? no—rich are they,

With their shining treasures on

The sunny side the way.

Coldly off the winds blow

On the way of life,

Spreading in the wilderness,

Care, and pain, and strife;

Yet the heart may shelter have,

Cold though be the day,

Choosing like the little ones,

The sunny side the way,

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways of dealing with our fellow men, both of which may be considered honest. One is to give your neighbor his due, but not a cent more. In shoveling the snow from the sidewalk, take care and not shovel any from before his house. Stop exactly at the line, and give him to understand that he must shovel his own snow. Pursue the same policy in everything, and let him know that he has a neighbor who will not suffer his rights to be trampled on. The result is natural. You stir up the same spirit in him. He looks out for his rights as jealously as you do for yours; and you soon find that you have got one of the least accommodating, one of the meanest and most obstinate of neighbors in the world; while he entertains precisely the same opinion of you.

The other way is to deal, not exactingly, but generously. Always be willing to pay all the things you purchase is worth; and show less anxiety about paying too much than about paying too little. Shovel the snow from before both houses, when convenient, and don't look as if you expected some grateful return for the favor. Feel that it is a pleasure to accommodate your neighbors in all things possible;

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Each has his own one path in life,
A circle lies within his ken—
And a small circle, too, perchance—
We cannot all be famous men!
And duties are not truly done
By panting vainly after fame,
Or fretting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake and find
The time for real endeavor gone!
Better to fill a lowly place,
And labor there with soul and heart,
Than dream ambitions of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act a hero's part,
Amid the daily toll and strife!
Aye, amid hourly din and care,
Even though within the humblest home,
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever gilded ancient Rome!

Life's heroine does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage;
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flaming golden page!
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which ten-tongued rumor never yet
Bath blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conquest, self-devotion—these
Are the high gifts which give to all
Who own them that well-tempered mind,
Prepared alike to win or fall—
Prepared, with fitting mein, to meet
The happy good or bitter ill;
Unshaken, whether fate the cup
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in sober truth,
Is a sure talisman in life,
To guard and strengthen heart and brain
In time of hourly din and strife;
All stations they alike belt—
The peasant's cot or monarch's throne—
To every man a priceless gift
They bring, in self-respect alone!

—Sharpe's Magazine.

VIOLET:

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXIX.

We are encompassed on all sides by wonders, and we can scarcely set our foot upon the ground without trampling upon some marvellous production that our whole life and all our faculties would not suffice to comprehend. * * * But there is one class of these wonders with which, from their comparatively rare occurrence, we do not become familiar; and these, according to the character of the mind to which they are presented, are frequently either deemed as ridiculous and impossible, or receive as evidence of supernatural interference—interruptions of those general laws by which God governs the universe; which latter mistake arises from our only seeing these facts without the links that connect them with the rest of nature, just as, in the faint light of a starlit night, we might distinguish the tall mountains that lift their crests high in the sky, though we could not discern the low chain of hills that unite them with each other.

Mrs. Crose.

It was indeed the form of Lady Maud St. Clair which swiftly and almost noiselessly approached the spot where Erie and old Pengreep stood, gazing with awe upon the sad spectacle the antique chest had disclosed to their wondering eyes. She appeared to be hurriedly attired, and was habited in the same dress which she had worn when first Erie met her in this ancient chamber. It was as though on this occasion she had donned it with some fixed motive. Erie had but time to motion Pengreep to retire into the deep shadow of a recess, when she reached his side.

He looked upon her pitifully wan, pallid face, and his heart sank within him. Her long fair hair was dishevelled and hung about her shoulders in wild disorder, and lent to her thin features a ghostly character. Her eyes, which were fixed upon him, were glassy and rigid, and he perceived, by the absence of all expression, that she was once more under the influence of a fit of somnambulism.

She paused as she reached the chest, and her lips moved tremulously, but he could not gather from her imperfect articulation a single word. She appeared to be conscious of the presence of some being, but not of his, for she turned her head slowly, as though she followed with her eyes some moving object, until her face was presented to the antique chest. Then her eyes slowly upturned, until they rested on space above the huge trunk, and there they remained fixed until a soft, radiant smile lit up her pale, transparent face.

Then she stretched out her hand towards Erie. Intuitively he took it—how icy cold it was. Her thin fingers clutched his, and she bent her face towards him.

"Kneel," she whispered, sinking at the same moment slowly upon her knees.

As instinctively as he had taken her hand, he bent his knee and knelt beside her, and appraised her eyes to the place upon which hers were fixed. Whether he saw ought not usually disclosed to human eyes, he never afterwards mentioned, but no sooner had his gaze fastened upon the spot to which hers were turned than the pupils of his eyes dilated, his face grew white as Lady Maud's large drops of glittering perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his limbs quivered, trembled violently. A feeble cry burst from his lips, and for an instant he looked as if he would fall to the ground in a swoon.

But Lady Maud trembled, too, like an aspen, and she drew closer to him, until her weak frame rested against his shoulder. He placed his arm about her waist tenderly to support her, and he turned his eyes from the object on which he had been gazing upon her. The same radiant smile of felicity curved her small, delicate lips, and seemingly in an ecstasy of happiness, she breathed, in murmuring accents—"Thine! thine alone, and for ever!"

He bowed his head low; it may have been to conceal the throng of emotions which struggled in his bosom—it may have been to receive some invisible benediction. A plaintive, tremulous voice, ascending from behind him, chanted in sweet and feeble tones—

"By God's holy grace the heir of the race,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
In sorrow and pain,
Has fought the fight,
And has solved the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

At this moment a wild and piercing shriek rang through the still and solemn chamber. Erie hurriedly cast his eyes up to one who stood with extended arms stretched over him, looking spectral and weird-like, as of an age long past. It was Eldra.

But it was not she who shrieked. Erie caught a glimpse of a dark object flitting past him, but he felt the form of Lady Maud quivering and shuddering violently, and he turned his eyes upon her face. Her features for a moment appeared convulsed, her eyelids closed over her rigid eyes, and fluttered and trembled as though her spirit was passing from her mortal frame into a happier and more blissful region.

Suddenly she opened her eyelids, and looked at him with a startled, wondering expression, full in the eyes. "Is not this a dream?" she murmured.

"No, no, beloved," he whispered, drawing her close to his heart.

"Then it is death!" she ejaculated, and relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Erie, bewildered, half distracted, rose up with the inanimate form of Lady Maud in his arms. He looked wildly round him. "Shall I not call for help?" he cried, as much in soliloquy as that he addressed anyone near to him.

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cry of rage and passion. "I saw ye don't, Master Philip—you know it," cried Tubal, in a low, gruff voice; "for ye made I show ye window; and I lay beneath shadow of trees when moonbeams fell on 'young squire's face, an' ye fired right at 'un."

With a mad impulse of passion, Philip Avon threw off the officers who held him by the wrist, and sprang at Tubal. He seized him by the throat, and, unfortunately for both, the latter had a long, broad, wood knife in his belt, which, in his blind frenzy, Philip snatched out, and buried it three to the hilt in his body ere his hand could be stayed. Another instant and the officers from whom he had escaped flung him to the ground, wrested the knife from his hand, and in an instant handcuffed him.

A groan of horror ran through all assembled, for Tubal Kish uttered but one gasping scream, and lay upon the stone floor of the hall—dead.

"It is the last fatal blow that will be struck by an Avon upon the body of a Kingswood!" exclaimed Pengreep.

"We have proofs and witnesses here enough now," muttered one of the officers. "This murder will settle all the other questions, whatever they may be."

At this moment Lady Maud entered the hall, and before she could be stopped, appeared within the circle formed by the amazed and horrified domestics. She caught sight of Philip Avon's face, convulsed with the wildest passions, ghastly and hideous; and affrighted, she shrank to Erie's side, and clung to his arm for support.

Philip Avon, with bloodshot eyes, beheld her act—saw her abhorrent repugnance to himself, and her clinging affection for Erie. He uttered a wild scream of rage and frantic mental agony, and fell back in the arms of those who held him in a convulsive fit.

CHAPTER LXXX

We thought I had forgot thee, O, my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when ye shall meet? W. C. M.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history
—Shakespeare

Erie led Lady Maud gently away from the horrible scene enacted in the hall, and the servants, who watched him with eager and inquiring eyes, appeared to feel that he was entitled to act there according to his will, and to control and command them as their future lord and master. The prompt and natural recognition of his rightful presence there by Lady Maud, had, of course, its effect, and as he moved away, leading the young and beautiful girl by the hand, and ascending the staircase with an air of dignity native to his character, there was a spontaneous impulse animating all to raise a lusty cheer in his honor. Nothing but the presence of the dead body of Tubal Kish, and the insensible form of Philip Avon, restrained them.

Leaving old Pengreep to arrange for the disposal of Philip Avon and the murdered man, he conducted Lady Maud to her sitting apartment, and there, for the first time, he communicated to her his history, so far as he knew it, and with it laid before her his justification of his claims to her hand.

Lady Maud smiled faintly as he concluded, while a rose blush mantled to her cheek, and she said: "I fear me, Erie, if I dare speak the truth, I regard your true claim to my love—my heart, as one purely personal. I loved you without knowing you to be other than Lord Kingswood's family secret! I love you still for what I see in you, and know of you, rather than for what you may prove to be. You are dearer to me as Erie Gower than you will be as Eric, Baron of Kingswood, because now my love makes you my equal; but when you become the proud lord of these vast domains, the claims of simple, loving Maud to your imperial affection may dwarf into insignificance."

Nature acts pretty much the same with the lofty as with the humble in affairs of the heart. As a matter of dignity, the future Lord of Kingswood should have raised the lily fingers of the high born Lady Maud to his lips, and pressed them in the softest manner imaginable. As a matter of fact, he caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers with one long, passionate kiss, even as he had once before done in the old library when he discovered a secret.

That was his answer to her remark.

When she had recovered from the charming confusion into which his impetuosity had thrown her, she, in her turn, related the circumstances which had come to her knowledge, which went to account in some degree for the present unhappy condition of the Kingswood affairs. Lord Kingswood and Cyril she believed to be in London. Lady Kingswood, of whom she spoke in terms of strong affection, she informed him was missing, and though she could not bring her mind to credit that she was no more, or that she ever would raise her hand against her own life, she was yet greatly disturbed and distressed by her mysterious disappearance and her continued absence. Erie promised her that he would use indefatigable efforts to ascertain what had become of her, and assured her that the first information concerning her safety which he was enabled to obtain, should be communicated to her without delay.

After they had completed these mutual communications, explanations, and certain hear revelations, it must be admitted much interferred with by the natural horror each felt at what had occurred in the hall, they bade each other farewell for a time, having mutually arranged what their future course should be, providing that Lord Kingswood continued obstinately bent on ignoring Erie as his true heir.

One more tender embrace, one more loving kiss, one long lingering look on the three bold, and they parted.

Erie, on descending to the hall, found that old Pengreep had caused the body of Tubal Kish to be removed to a place where it could

await an inquest, and Philip Avon was also conveyed from Kingswood Hall to the county goal preparatory to the necessary proceedings being taken against him for his crime committed in presence of so many witnesses.

Pengreep, pale but calm and grave, totally unlike his former self, stood silently awaiting Erie's appearance, and when he joined him, he said—"Reflection has pointed out to me the next and the proper course for you to take will be to present yourself to Horace Vernon, relate all that has happened since you have separated, and what is now your purpose? So much will be but justice to him. I think consideration from you is due to him any more than it is to myself. Horace Vernon obtained possession of you, reared you, and placed you in Kingswood Hall from purely revengeful motives, and no other. He had no tender thought of you or for you. You were used by him alone as an instrument with which to wound the heart of Lord Kingswood and poison his happiness. He has gained his object, and by your aid, though not knowingly or willingly given, I have up to the present time attached myself to you with the sole object of revenging myself upon Vernon, who robbed me of the only being I ever loved. Recent circumstances have, however, induced me to change my views; to acknowledge reverently that it is not man but God that disposes. I had proposed to myself a certain object. I abandon it. I resign myself to the stream of events. I will, with you, seek Vernon, acknowledge to him my own treachery, and the utter inadequacy of the result of a life wholly unprofitable and wasted, and point out to him how he has traversed the same dreary, profitless path, only to lay down his life in chagrin and despair, cheered only by the miserable consolation that in the attempt to wrest from Heaven its chastisement for a grievous sin, he has, in his efforts to command success, wrought for himself a living misery."

It was Lady Kingswood. Cyril hardly recognized her, and Erie was deeply affected to behold her in such condition. As she had swooned in Cyril's arms, Erie assisted him to conduct her into the house.

Within the hall they found Pengreep and Ishmael about to quit it in search of Erie. Upon the marble face of the latter appeared traces of recent tears, and his eye, as it bent on Violet and Erie, bore a softer tone. He, as soon as he beheld Lady Kingswood, appeared greatly shocked, and had her at once borne to Violet's apartments, where women attendants could employ restoratives to effect her recovery.

Before it seemed that she had reached the chamber to which she had been carried, she reappeared, and hurrying up to Cyril, caught him by the arm, clung to him, and whispered to him—"Come, come, let us quit this place, it is no home for us; I have searched for you, I feared in vain, but I have found you, and I will leave you no more."

"Nor this roof, Lady Kingswood, for the present," exclaimed Ishmael, in a deep, yet trembling voice. "I owe to you, to stone me, I have wrought you much unhappiness, but so far as I can I will repair it."

"Why do you call me Lady Kingswood? I am not Lady Kingswood. Who should know that so well as you who reared him?"

She pointed to Erie as she spoke.

"You are Lady Kingswood," exclaimed Ishmael, with emphasis, "and have been since Lord Kingswood married you."

Again she pointed to Erie. "Who is that boy?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, Cyril!" murmured Violet, in reply, "of what significance in the eyes of our love should be my origin? I am what I am—thy love. To thee the mystery of my birth is as nothing. The revelation cannot make me love thee more than I do; it will not make me love thee less."

"There—there, Violet, is the dreadful uncertainty!" exclaimed Cyril, with unrepresented agitation.

"Nay, my beloved!" interposed Violet, at most reproachfully, "did we not love when as children we wandered together beneath the leafy trees in the old Chace at Kingswood, marvelling at the golden and green light streaming through the openings in the branches and gliding our path as we went slowly and fondly on?" Did our love not gather strength as we grew in years?" Did we not love deeply, dearly, tenderly when Ishmael parted us? Have I not loved you truly since, though I have been hidden to forget them; though I have been assured that you had deserted me, and that false friends had turned from me?" Has Ishmael not told me that I had forgotten you, and he believed it, because I was silent and did not breathe your name in my daily, hourly prayers? Have I not loved thee, though I was told that you would another and was to give your hand in marriage—your hand, Cyril, but not your heart, for your heart has been mine, my love, since first we promised when parting—a childish parting then, Cyril, to pray to Heaven for each other while apart, and that we might soon meet again? Do I love you less now than then?—nay, dear, dear Cyril, do not stay my speech, for on I seemeth years and years since last we sat together thus, and conversed sweetly as we are doing now. Think you I shall love you less, learning as I have from your lips that, unable to live without me, you have tracked, traced me from place to place, through all the tortuous journey Ishmael conveyed me, because I may some day ascertain my origin. Oh, my Cyril, can it be possible for any one to discover that to you I am other than Violet?"

He summoned first Violet, and during a grave and anxious hour of revelations, he acknowledged himself to be her father, a confession which—he had himself to blame, and he felt it—did not elicit from Violet such an expression of delight as his subsequent announcement that he had withdrawn his hostility to Cyril's passion for her, and would give his consent to their union, provided no determined opposition sprang from Lord Kingswood.

Then Lady Kingswood, who was slowly recovering, Cyril, Erie, and Pengreep were summoned to join the father and daughter, and before them Horace Vernon acknowledged his daughter, and stated that he had reared her in seclusion and innocence that she might escape the dangers and the miseries which are attendant upon love. He had, however, found that his foresight and his plans were futile when the Almighty dispensed events otherwise. Lady Kingswood offered no opposition. She, too, was chastened in her thoughts, and was now

anxious to return to Kingswood Hall, give to Lord Kingswood the explanation he so long had sought, forgive him for the cruel deceit he had practised on her, and resume her position, or as it might be deemed advisable by both after what had happened, live apart without the world being permitted to share their confidence.

Alas! her arrangements were not those which had already been determined by a Higher Power.

It was decided, after a consultation, that she should return with Cyril immediately to Kingswood Hall, and that Vernon, with Erie, attended by Pengreep, should follow, in order to hold an interview with Lord Kingswood respecting Erie's right and the course to be taken should Lord Kingswood refuse to receive or acknowledge him, and this programme, thus far, was carried out. Lady Kingswood had been informed of Philip Avon's crime and his incarceration, and this event, for the sake of Lady Maud, urged her to hasten her return.

She drove up in a carriage belonging to Horace Vernon, accompanied by Cyril, and she was met by Lady Maud, who threw herself into her arms and wept bitterly, for she had sad news to communicate.

Lord Kingswood was dead! His wound, which was a severe one, obstinately resisted the efforts of the surgeons to arrest its progress to inflammation, and the state of Lord Kingswood's mind only increasing its ravages, mortification set in with frightful rapidity, and Lord Kingswood, the last of the doomed of his race, passed out of life a raving maniac.

The same bell which announced the death of Lord Kingswood communicated the succession of Erie, Baron of Kingswood!

Two duties, however, Erie performed before he assumed his new rank. The first was to remove the remains of his mother from their resting-place within the Chace, and lay them in the vault of the Kingswoods in the private chapel attached to the Hall. The second to lay there also in a place of rest the remains of the murdered Lady Maud. His mother's remains he interred with only a simple ceremony, himself as chief mourner; but the long-unburied crumbling relics of the Lady Maud were laid in their last resting-place with pomp and funeral honors, at which all the Kingswood family and the whole household assisted. The aged woman Eldra was there among those who stood before the tomb, and as the last prayers were said over the velvet-coffin, she sank back into the arms of Cyril.

"Her pilgrimage is ended!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, to Erie.

Her prophecy was fulfilled. She died as the doom passed from the House of Kingswood, and she was placed by the side of her ancestors.

For a time Kingswood Hall was the scene of gloom, though scarcely of grief, for a companionship was speedily formed between Violet and Lady Maud, and, as each now shared the society of the being she loved best in the world, they, while mourning for the untimely end of Lord Kingswood, experienced the quiet joy which unrestricted communion with Erie and Cyril afforded them.

Lady Kingswood was horrified when she learned that the Marquis of Chillingham had fallen by her husband's hand, and that her husband's death had been occasioned by the bullet of the Marquis of Chillingham. What facts Lord Kingswood became possessed of, she never knew—she could only surmise—Old Pengreep placed in her hands one morning a paper, in which he informed her of the villainous part Pharis had played, and restored to her the notes written by herself to the Marquis of Chillingham, which he had purloined. She destroyed them, but could not destroy the memories they dragged up.

She found, after the death of Lord Kingswood, the old Hall insupportable. She had erred, and, in a deeply contrite spirit, retired to a secluded spot in a remote part of the kingdom, where she passed the remainder of her days, absolutely refusing all solicitations to quit it.

The scoundrel who had greatly contributed to her unhappiness was punished for his baseness by his wife, Alberta Pharis, nee Virgin. She never suffered him to quit her sight, and she led him a life of incessant torture.

Erie was now undisputed Lord of Kingswood. Cyril, happy in the possession of Violet, accepted his junior position in the House without a murmur. He had at first conceived a liking for Erie, and that feeling now speedily ripened into a warm and sincere attachment.

In the meanwhile Erie had a long conference with Horace Vernon, during which the latter confessed that he had committed the error of endeavoring to direct events, so that he might at a period settled by himself, reap a deadly vengeance sown in years long past. He had discovered, when too late, that he had made the innocent suffer with the guilty, and now that he was anxious, so far as he possibly could, to redress his fault, he was left with but scant means to do it.

For some days he wrestled with his proud spirit alone in his closet. At length murmuring—"Vengeance is thine, oh, Lord!" If I can be an instrument in Thy hands to create rather than to destroy human happiness, I will pass out from the misanthropy in which for years I have enveloped myself, and if unable to bring calm and peace to my own soul, I will strive to confer felicity upon others."

In the interval between the death of Lord Kingswood and his marriage with Lady Maud, Erie devoted himself to the pleasurable task of making himself known to the whole of his tenantry, and promised to apply himself to the graceful labor of improving their condition, and ministering to their happiness, as far as he possibly could.

At length the long-hoped-for day arrived which united him to Lady Maud. All Kingswood and the surrounding country were alive with the festivities and the rejoicings, for it was made known far and wide that the doom which had long hung like a pall over an ancient House was removed.

It was known, too, that another ancient House at the same time had ceased to exist. Sir Walter Avon was found dead in his bed after his son's arrest, and it was rumored that he had poisoned himself. Philip Avon had been tried, and though by a merciful view of his case taken by the jury who tried him, he escaped capital punishment, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Cyril and Violet were married at the same altar with Erie and Lady Maud. They, at Vernon's request, took up their abode with him at Huntingford, and entered upon a life which promised to be supremely happy. Vernon found a solace for the sorrows of the past in contemplating their loving serenity and devoted affection for each other.

What—what shall I say to you, Violet?" returned Cyril. "I love you with perfect and entire truthfulness. I should love you as fondly and dearly if it were to be disclosed to me that you were the child of a wood-ranger; but when I know that a dreadfully secret hangs over you, when I with horror hear a suggestion that this terrible secret will reveal to me that you—that you, Violet—"

He paused, for heavy groan burst from his lips, and he covered his face with his hands. Violet, trembling, with pale face, bent over him.

"Oh, Cyril!" she exclaimed, in affright, "you terrify me. Of what dreadful secret do you speak? What horrible story relates to you?"

He did not answer her save with sighs, and she saw a shadow fall on them. She looked up with, at first, fear, then she uttered a cry of joy. Erie stood before them.

"Oh, my brother!" she exclaimed, and rising up, threw herself upon his neck.

Erie have made eager and searching inquiries after him, he has not yet reappeared—and probably never will.

Of Beatrice Stanhope it may be said that she found one that loved her well, and marrying her, placed her in the high position she coveted, and save with one memory, she was as happy as she could have expected to be.

Arleton, her brother, married to Nelly Cotton, gave up diplomacy, and took to cotton-spinning, and is now one of the largest and wealthiest, and happiest manufacturers in Cottonville.

We must not forget Susan Harebell. Of course she married the smart young groom just as quick as arrangements could be made, because Lady Maud made her a present of a handsome dower and an annuity; and Erie and Cyril subscribed the money for that road-side house.

Should you, reader, go to Wootton under Edge, you will find, a few miles on

road, Susan and her husband, one of the happiest couples in the kingdom; and

they will be so glad to see you, and will

make you so comfortable, take our word for it.

She drove up in a carriage belonging to

Horace Vernon, accompanied by Cyril, and she was met by Lady Maud, who threw herself into her arms and wept bitterly, for she had sad news to communicate.

Erie and Lady Maud Kingswood have settled down in peace and love on their estates,

Erie carrying out the intention of the late

Lord Kingswood, has caused the old hunting-lodge to be leveled to the ground, and all

traces of it to be removed, so that the record of his ancestor's crime may no longer stand a grim monument of his evil deed in the eyes of men.

The subterranean passages have been blocked up, and great alterations have

been made in the ancient part of the Hall so

as to remove from it, as much as possible, the

ghostly character which for so long a period it maintained.

Nothing now remains for Erie to do but to

solve the problem of happiness with his loved bride Lady Maud, having already—

By God's holy grace,

Solved the wonder of KINGSWOOD CHACE.

THE END.

BATTLE NEAR CARTHAGE, SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.—A battle took place on the 3d, between the Missouri State troops under Gov. Jackson and Gen. Raines, numbering by their accounts from ten to thirteen thousand, (an exaggeration, probably) and the United States forces under Col. Siegel, numbering fifteen hundred in all. Lieut. Toskin, Col. Siegel's adjutant, and bearer of despatches to Col. Hardin, gives the following particulars.

The State troops were posted on an eminence in the prairie, with five pieces of artillery—one twelve-pounder in the centre and two six-pounders on the right and left; cavalry

NEWS ITEMS.

THE President, in reply to the resolution of the House calling for the correspondence touching the annexation of the Dominican Republic to Spain, has replied that it is not deemed advisable to communicate it at the present time.

A GOOD SHOT.—Mr. Ross, the veteran shot, and father of the youthful champion who carried off the honors of rifle shooting in the great English contest last year, is in active training for the approaching meeting at Wimbledon. At a range of one thousand yards, he recently hit the target fifteen times in succession, and the bull's-eye five times, counting twenty points.

POWER OF A MINI RIFLE BALL.—Will a Mississippi rifle with a minie ball shoot through a steam boiler? It will! A dispute among our friends on this question arose, and was settled by trying it, and the result was, that the ball made a hole one-third larger than itself at about the distance of fifty yards. When it is convenient, we intend to test the greatest distance at which it can be done.—*Tucumcari (Ala.) Constitution*.

The Sultan of Turkey died on the 25th, and was succeeded by his brother, Abdul-Aziz Khan. Everything was quiet at Constantinople.

The gun-boats to be built on the Western rivers will have sides and bows of solid oak, very thick, and the bows will be coated with steel plates. They are to be armed each with a single 50,000 pound rifled columbiad, so that the river forts of the rebels can be demolished, in descending the stream, by two or three shots. They will be afloat in the course of the month of August, and be ready for service early in October, or it may be before.

PHOTOGRAPHIC THE COMET.—Mr. Whipple, a photographer of Boston, somewhat famous for his photographs of the moon and stars, has been making an effort to get a picture of the comet. He says that its photographic power of light is so feeble as scarcely to make an impression on his most sensitive preparations. As compared with that of the moon, or fixed stars even of the third or fourth magnitude, it is, photographically speaking, *not one thousandth part brilliant*.

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H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY No. 191 Nassau St., N. Y.
HORN & TAYLOR, 200 Nassau St., New York.
WILLIAMS & CO., 105 Washington St., Boston.
BUNY & MINER, No. 7 & 75 Fifth Street, Paterson.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 29 West 6th St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
MCNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour came fair, but with a limited demand, and were exported and home used, ranging from \$4 to \$5 for spring. Wheat superfine, \$4.25 to \$4.75 for extra, \$4.50 to \$4.75 for Western and Penna superfine, made from winter Wheat; \$4.75 to \$5.75 for extra and extra family, and \$4.60 to \$5.75 for fancy lots, according to brand and family, \$4.25 to \$4.75 for Western and Penna, included in the sales are 500 bbls middlings at \$3.25, 1800 bbls good extra family at \$3.75, 500 bbls selected at \$4.62. Rye Flour is not required for and dull at \$3.35. Corn Meal is also quiet, and Penna Meal is offered at \$2.62 to \$2.75 per bbl, the latter for fresh ground, without starch.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat has been dull and unsettled, and prices under moderate receipts are \$8 to 10¢ per bushel lower than last week. Sales of about 25,000 bushels mostly for shipment at \$4.25 to \$4.75 for Western and Penna superfine, made from winter Wheat; \$4.75 to \$5.75 for extra and extra family, and \$4.60 to \$5.75 for fancy lots, according to brand and family, \$4.25 to \$4.75 for Western and Penna, included in the sales are 500 bbls middlings at \$3.25, 1800 bbls good extra family at \$3.75, 500 bbls selected at \$4.62. Rye Flour is not required for and dull at \$3.35. Corn Meal is also quiet, and Penna Meal is offered at \$2.62 to \$2.75 per bbl, the latter for fresh ground, without starch.

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PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

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SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,

GOOD FOR LECTURERS,

GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,

GOOD FOR SINGERS,

GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,

GENTLEMEN CARRY

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.

They clear the Throat.

They give strength and volume to the Voice.

They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.

They are delightful to the Taste.

They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for silencing your Cough or allying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Drug sellers and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,

NO. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

HEADACHE.

ALL KINDS

OF

HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented, and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nerves or Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, —removing Constipation.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and removing the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it safe to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

Wit and Humor.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

As soon as I'd recuperated my physical system, I went over into the village. The postman was glad to see me. The schoolmaster sed it was cheering to see that gigantic intellect among 'em once more. That's what he called me. I like the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacco when I'm off on a travellin' campaign. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as thin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nubers won't much posted up in regard to the wars. Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the democratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican do. Jo Stackpole, who kibb his hogs for the squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he cou'd lick the Cissie in a fair stand-up fight if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The schoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarchy must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flown by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Ego perpetua!" he added. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make an impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the schoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo," I answered, "it's a scanderous fact!"

The newspapers goes along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly out out in Baldinsville. "Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Cordin, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whiskey and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire' got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin' up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old musket and do a little square sum for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was too old to bolt now. The 'Squire' is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biller with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previdy informed you, I am Captain of the Baldinsville Company. I rise gradusively but mostly from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recruit. Havin' notice a general desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear epplits, I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as Brigadier General. The foderin was among the varis questions which I put to recruits.

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a epplit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c., Sum of the questions was sarcasmical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin' house in full uniform. I had a seris time getting into my military harness; as it was built for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me pretty close. However, onct into it, I look fine—in fact, aw inspirin'. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin' into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once that she did.

I started for the meetin' house, and I tried I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin' over backsides; and in attemptin' to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin' near the church door a-seen the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and somehow my coat tails got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchers to their mouths and remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud laff. She exercised her mouth so violently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin' up and dustin' myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of yours, or you'll have to gun it again!"

Methinks I had her. I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm afraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin' the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I git it up," havin' a vague idea that it was a comin' drum. It was a conundrum remark, for the whole meetin' house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about runn to a pint of order, when it suddenly occur to me where I was, and I kept my seat, blushing like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin' I rose with the lark, (N.B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho') A gook.

My little dawter was execootin' ballads, and companyin' herself with the hand organ, and she wist me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark! I hear a angel singin', a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a bucklin' on my armor. "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin' pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin' officers, there ain't no joinin'; and as we air all exceedin' smart, it tain't worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idea of a company composed exclusively of Commanders-in-Chiefs orringered, I sposse I sturnly need say, in these Bruce. Considered as a idea, I flatter myself

Agricultural.

The Riddler.



THE COMING MONKEY.

IT isn't so much master, a mere monkey climbing in at the parlor window, once in a while—but when the organ-grinders come to keep gorillas!

THE RECRUIT'S CATECHISM.

Q. How would you form your men to meet the enemy?

A. On the square.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?

A. Running.

Q. What time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?

A. Time of Peace.

Q. How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?

A. Army 'em.

Q. What would you use for breaking the ranks of the enemy?

A. Mortars.

Q. How would you measure firearms?

A. By the barrel.

Q. At the close of the engagement, if the enemy asked you to treat, what would you do?

A. Make him stand the shot.

Q. What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?

A. The enemy.

Q. If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?

A. I should think those in tent were modish.

Q. If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?

A. I should think those in tent were modish.

Q. What would you do if the enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat was cut off?

A. Fight like thunder.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

Near the village of Sand, in Norway, lived an old woman who was constantly rowing about in the Fjord in search of her husband, who had been drowned. She rowed her boat around the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns; her face turned in one direction that she might watch the surface of the water. One morning the poor fisherman plunged into the element that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth to bafie, and before scarce thirteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by shoal of mackerel, and in sight of her who had made home pleasant, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arm out of the water to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to arouse the alarm of his uncooevons wife, a hundred mackerel hung like plummets from the deck. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more. From that morning until to day, his widow, having lost her reason, ever to day her husband's boat about the spot where he perished, in full persuasion that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again; and so she prays to every vessel sailing by to stay and see the truth of what she relates.—W. A. Ross.

A SWISS SUNDAY

—An American writing from Switzerland, says:—It seems to me that a Sunday is here considered sacred in proportion to the amount of amusement that can be crowded into it. The "American manner" of keeping the Sabbath is a matter of wonder to the Swiss. I have often heard them commiserate the American Minister, Theodore S. Fay, whose reputation is widespread over the land as a conscientious observer of the Sabbath, on his "mournful Sundays," as they are pleased to term it, "devoid of pleasure."

Their sympathy, however, does not interfere with the profound respect with which they regard him, and his newly appointed successor must be a very superior and winning person in order to fill his place in the heart of Switzerland.

COMETS.—So many comets have already appeared without producing any perceptible effects upon the earth, that they no longer excite emotions of fear among scientific men. Arago estimated that there were at least 8,000,000 within the limits of our system, but only a very small portion of that immense number have ever been observed. Since the birth of Christ, (including reappearances) 651 have been noticed, of which 114 have been visible during the present century.

FRANC PRAYERS.—During the long war, two old ladies in Strasbier were going to the kirk, one said to the other: "Was it a wonderful thing that the Brechtish were ay victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the old lady, "damma ken the Brechtish aye say their prayers before ga' in into battle!" The other replied: "But canna the French say their prayers as well?" The reply was most characteristic: "Hast jabberin' bodies, wha could understand' them?"

MORALISTS.—Moralists tell us self-examination is a great virtue, an indispensable duty. I don't believe it. Generally, it is utterly useless, hopeless, and unprofitable. Much of its springs from the very egotism it pretends to cure.

MEMORY.—Many are saved by the deficiency of their memory from being spoiled by their education; for those who have no extraordinary memory are driven to supply its defects by thinking.

AN OLD HORSE—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY RHYTHMICAL ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 14, 5, 24, 20, is a very precious stone.

My 2, 13, 21, is useful you will own.

My 3, 17, 7, 22, is used to run a mill.

My 4, 14, 2, is good, cooked as you will.

My 5, 18, 8, 2, 29, 15, you would not care to meet.

My 6, 16, 13, is a beverage hard to beat.

My 7, 17, 3, 24, you would not wish to drive.

My 8, 15, 4, against which you must strive.

My 9, 13, 23, 18, I'll acknowledge is not sweet,

My 10, 4, 5, 21, 9, makes the loaf complete.

My 11, 19, 13, is a female name.

My 12, 5, 2, 16, is worthy of his fame.

My 13, 17, 23, 5, 15, 18, is a mountain of re-

nown.

My 14, 3, 13, 21, 21, is scarce within a town.

My 15, 4, 21, 24, in music you will find.

My 16, 5, 3, is useful to mankind.

My 17, 7, 11, 14, 5, 15, is enjoyed by not a few,

My 18, 23, 17, 19, 4, the merchant loves to view.

My 19, 8, 14, is the lot of some on earth.

My 20, 5, 12, 16, some inherit at their birth.

My 21, 24, 3, 16, 20, 9, is found in every city.

My 22, 10, 4, to lose would be a pity.

My 23, 16, 22, 19, grows by the river side.

My 24, 10, 3, 20, was a city noted wide.

My whole is a proverb.

WILL WINDSOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TISSUE.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE SOLDIERS ARE AT REST.

NOISE IS HEARD, WHERE ONCE THE SOUND

OF WAR WAS UNSUPPRESSED.

THE SENTINELS ON DUTY STAND.

THE WATCHFULNESS IS GONE;

THIS SECRET SOON MY EYES HAS SCANNED,

AND THEN COMES BOLDLY ON.

HIS TASK ACCOMPLISHED, BACK AGAIN

WITH CAREFUL STEPS HE WALKS,

AROUND HIM STAND A GROUP OF MEN

TO LISTEN AS HE TALKS.

THEY ALL AGREE THAT HE WAS BRAVE,

EARNING A MEED OF PRAISE;

AND WHEN MY SECOND TO THEM HE GAVE,

THEY WISHED HIM LENGTH OF DAYS.

FOR THEY ARE MERRY AT THE NEWS

WHICH BY MY FIRST WAS BROUGHT,

AND THEN MY SECOND THY ARE TO USE,

LIKE MEN WHO'VE BLEED AND FOUGHT.

GENERALS AND CAPTAINS USE MY WHOLE,

IT TELLS THEM HOW TO ACT;

AND OFTEN GIVES THEM A NEW ROLE

IN WHICH TO SHOW THEIR TAUNT.

PEACE, LANCASTER CO., PA. A. K. HOWRY.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MOUNTAIN IN ASIA.

A COUNTRY IN ASIA.

A STRAIT IN EUROPE.

A OASIS IN AFRICA.

A COUNTY IN KENTUCKY.

A TOWN NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE DANUBE.

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